

DELICATE WOMEN

Or Debilitated Women, should use
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use.

"My wife, who was bed-ridden for eight months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well."

J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR, Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

LAND BARONS OUT WEST.

Landlords Who Are Reckless, Free-handed and Good Livens.

The divine injunction "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" has no relevancy to the citizens of the five civilized tribes. Here are a people who, like the lilies of the fields, "toil not; neither do they spin," furnishing an example of class favoritism under the law peculiar and interesting to study, says Harper's. The landlords have no care but the gathering of rents and a general supervision of the home place. They are, as a class, free-handed, reckless, good livens and with a strong tendency to dissipation.

Most of them live up to their incomes and a few acquire large bank accounts. Your typical landlord's home is the rambling white-plantation great house of ante-bellum days, with wide galleries, big chimneys and usually in a bad state of repair. An air of untidiness and neglect pervades the yard, to which is added a lack of taste inside when you enter. Still there is something about the surroundings—the orchard, smoke house, negroes, pigs and poultry—which denotes solid old-fashioned comfort and Arcadian content.

Frequently you meet the lord of one of these mansions—a squaw man—whose family claim no Indian blood, yet he enjoys, by virtue of a former matrimonial alliance, all the landed rights of an Indian. It is really surprising the number of this class that are divorced from Indian wives or have become widowers and remarried in their own race. They constitute the largest landholders and are very jealous of their tribal rights when threatened by "boomers," as they term the opponents of land monopoly and unequal privileges.

And what of the Indian, the full-blood, who in great and magnificent government of ours has in its wisdom regarded as a ward and heir to a princely heritage as a recompense for Anglo-Saxon rapine? You will find him where the stillness of the forest is as yet unbroken. He is there in his miserable little hut, a recluse from the great world he so distrusts and fears, living a poor hand-to-mouth existence, and rarely emerging to visit the haunts of his tormentors. A scanty patch of corn, a few poultry and matted hogs, with what game and fish fall prey to his skill, go to supply his meager larder and furnish employment for his squaw and himself. Once in a great while there is a per capita payment, and a pittance falls to his share after the professional redmen of the tribe have made the disbursement to their satisfaction and paid their "attorney's fees." It is a rare thing to find a full-blood in the Indian territory who is living comfortably on as much as a quarter section of land under cultivation. There are some, but they are striking exceptions.

Our ship was hewn from a single log of Spanish cedar. She was simply a canoe about forty feet long and eight feet in beam.

It was midnight when our little craft rounded the end of the coral reef that guards the snug harbor of Utilla. She flew along under the lee of that wall until the sea breeze was cut off by a wooded point of land. Soon after the ledge was carefully lowered into the water, and the rope that was to sever the riding cable ran silently out through the chock in her bow.

Not a soul ashore seemed to know of our coming. Not a light glimmered; not a voice was heard. We made not noise enough to awake even a village dog.

Out from the shadows by the shore came three canoes. As quietly as ghosts they glided toward us over the still waters. A dozen hands grasped their waives as they ranged alongside and kept them from touching even

lightly against the schooner. Our passengers passed baskets of their belongings into the canoes and followed the baskets. There was not even a whispered word, not an audible stroke of the paddle. I could not hear as much as the lap of a ripple against a bow as we made our way to shore, where the canoes slid up on the mud under the shadows of the mangroves.

Bolli and I were last to step ashore. Not a soul was in sight as he led the way between the houses, then through a banana patch and on into a dense thicket which marked the spot where a plantation had once been, at the very foot of a high hill, and had been abandoned.

My guide crept beneath a leafy, tangled vine, and crouched along between the curtain it made and the rocky face of the cliff. I followed the faint light reflected from his white shirt. A minute later we trod a smooth, hard path, where I could see no ray of light.

We stood in that mysterious cave, of which every dweller on the island of Utilla can tell weird tales.

My guide picked up a few splinters of pine, lit them at the burning torch, then led the way along a crooked cleft that had been widened here and there by the chisel. He was stopped by a blanket which curtained the passage. He touched this lightly, and the edge of the curtain was drawn aside a little by a hand from the farther side. There were a few whispered words, and after waiting a moment we passed the curtain.

Dusky forms of Carib men and women squatted on their heels in orderly rows that reached around the room. At one side was a man who held before him a carimba, a bow some six feet in length that he used for its bowstring a brass wire, which was drawn in toward the bow by a loop of finer wire that passed around both bowstring and bow a third of their length from their lower end. This loop of fine wire went through the bottom of a small jarro, a deep cup that was the woody shell of a calabash, and firmly bound it against the back of the bow. One of the carimba rested on a big calabash bowl, turned open side down on the rocky floor to give depth and volume to the notes of the instrument.

The performer held in one hand a little wand made of the dense, hard shell of the palm royal. He struck the wire with his baton and a clear, sharp note rang out. A bamboo flute joined with a droning wail, and the drum, of the skin of a peccary stretched across the end of a section of hollow log, rolled out volumes of sound that filled the cave with thunderings.

A strangely carved statue of soft gray stone quitted a table in the middle of the room. Its hands clasped about what seemed to be a bowl resting on the knees of the image. Around its head was a band that formed a curious head dress. On cheeks and brow were marks of red and green and black paint—symbolic colors of the Mayas, who once filled Central America with cities, temples and other monuments of a civilization that the ruthless bigotry of the conqueror destroyed.

About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

TO PLEASE THE GODS.

How a Beautiful Young Girl Was Recently Mutilated.

A Vivid Description of the Sacrifice—A Savage Tribe Which Longs for Cannibalistic Rites and Human Sacrifice—A Weird Scene.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

There are people who will tell you seriously that each year a child is sacrificed to the gods of the Caribs, whose homes are beneath the palms that wave over the sunny shores of the Caribbean sea, that Mediterranean of the western world. Mrs. Alice Le Plongeon tells in graphic words the story of such a cannibalistic sacrifice, seen by her on the wild shore of Yucatan. Similar tales have come to me at times, during the years of my acquaintance with the coast of Central America. But grave old Caribs tell me that they no longer kill human beings for religious feasts; and there was mournful sadness in their tones when they talked of rigorous laws, made by the white usurpers of American rights, to put an end to the eating of people captured in battle.

I was, because of these rumors and hints, only too glad to accept an invitation that seemed to offer opportunity to learn for myself just how much truth might lie behind these tales.

We sailed at dusk from La Caribe, from the mouth of that river where Columbus made his second landing on the continent of America, and where the English planted colonies three different times, and were each time compelled to withdraw their garrisons and their colonists.

Our ship was hewn from a single log of Spanish cedar. She was simply a canoe about forty feet long and eight feet in beam.

It was midnight when our little craft rounded the end of the coral reef that guards the snug harbor of Utilla. She flew along under the lee of that wall until the sea breeze was cut off by a wooded point of land. Soon after the ledge was carefully lowered into the water, and the rope that was to sever the riding cable ran silently out through the chock in her bow.

Not a soul ashore seemed to know of our coming. Not a light glimmered; not a voice was heard. We made not noise enough to awake even a village dog.

Out from the shadows by the shore came three canoes. As quietly as ghosts they glided toward us over the still waters. A dozen hands grasped their waives as they ranged alongside and kept them from touching even

lightly against the schooner. Our passengers passed baskets of their belongings into the canoes and followed the baskets. There was not even a whispered word, not an audible stroke of the paddle. I could not hear as much as the lap of a ripple against a bow as we made our way to shore, where the canoes slid up on the mud under the shadows of the mangroves.

Bolli and I were last to step ashore. Not a soul was in sight as he led the way between the houses, then through a banana patch and on into a dense thicket which marked the spot where a plantation had once been, at the very foot of a high hill, and had been abandoned.

My guide crept beneath a leafy, tangled vine, and crouched along between the curtain it made and the rocky face of the cliff. I followed the faint light reflected from his white shirt. A minute later we trod a smooth, hard path, where I could see no ray of light.

We stood in that mysterious cave, of which every dweller on the island of Utilla can tell weird tales.

My guide picked up a few splinters of pine, lit them at the burning torch, then led the way along a crooked cleft that had been widened here and there by the chisel. He was stopped by a blanket which curtained the passage. He touched this lightly, and the edge of the curtain was drawn aside a little by a hand from the farther side. There were a few whispered words, and after waiting a moment we passed the curtain.

Dusky forms of Carib men and women squatted on their heels in orderly rows that reached around the room. At one side was a man who held before him a carimba, a bow some six feet in length that he used for its bowstring a brass wire, which was drawn in toward the bow by a loop of finer wire that passed around both bowstring and bow a third of their length from their lower end. This loop of fine wire went through the bottom of a small jarro, a deep cup that was the woody shell of a calabash, and firmly bound it against the back of the bow. One of the carimba rested on a big calabash bowl, turned open side down on the rocky floor to give depth and volume to the notes of the instrument.

The performer held in one hand a little wand made of the dense, hard shell of the palm royal. He struck the wire with his baton and a clear, sharp note rang out. A bamboo flute joined with a droning wail, and the drum, of the skin of a peccary stretched across the end of a section of hollow log, rolled out volumes of sound that filled the cave with thunderings.

A strangely carved statue of soft gray stone quitted a table in the middle of the room. Its hands clasped about what seemed to be a bowl resting on the knees of the image. Around its head was a band that formed a curious head dress. On cheeks and brow were marks of red and green and black paint—symbolic colors of the Mayas, who once filled Central America with cities, temples and other monuments of a civilization that the ruthless

bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.

A tiny fire burned on the thick edge of the bowl which the statue held. Its smoke gave a strange fragrance which filled the room most pleasantly.

Three grizzled, wrinkled old men stood before the altar. At each of its ends stood two women, as old as gray, as puckered as the men were. These seven were sukias or witches of the Caribs. About the neck of each hung

less bigotry of the conqueror destroyed. About the waist of the image was a breech cloth or palupa adorned by a great rosette behind. The face was graven with an art which gave to it an expression of grim humor, as if he smiled at the vanity of man, who has made so little real progress since the artist who created that stony countenance crumbled to forgotten dust.